

**THE ARGUS**  
Published in the year 1936  
**THE DAILY UNION**  
Published in the year 1936  
In the possession of Rock Island, Ill., at  
ground state matter under the act  
of March 2, 1936.  
J. W. POTTER CO., Publishers.  
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1936.

From The Argus of March 24, 1936—  
"The Argus hereafter will be conducted as  
an independent newspaper, unaffiliated with  
any other newspaper, and will be published  
for the benefit of the common welfare."

It's a long walk from the Russian steps  
to the Danzig corridor.

That suggestion about Maxim silencers for  
corn on the cob is a good one.

Four years from now maybe they'll nomi-  
nate a man who never smoked in the parlor  
and smelled up the lace curtains.

A Russian prince complained that balliffs  
confiscated his gold bathtub. Just as if a  
Russian prince needed an excuse for not using  
a tub.

According to a careful compilation given  
out by the American Red Cross society, the  
total loss of lives actual and potential attrib-  
utable to the World War, was 35,000,000. These  
statistics ought to be cheerful reading for the  
drooping spirits of the Kaiser.

Chief of Police Thomas Cox is to be com-  
mended for the adoption of stringent traffic  
regulations looking to the protection of next  
Wednesday morning's Knights Templar parade,  
which promises to be one of the most brilliant  
and imposing spectacles ever seen in Rock Is-  
land. Heretofore, all too often, processions  
have been shamefully interfered with by street  
cars, automobiles and other conveyances and  
more or less broken up. On this occasion  
Chief Cox says the marching column shall have  
undisturbed right of way, and he will have  
enough police on hand to enforce his mandate.

**The Thompson Meeting.**  
Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago,  
accompanied by a troupe of vaudeville per-  
formers and tract distributors, drew a packed  
house at the Illinois theatre last evening.  
Whether "those who came remained to pray"  
is not related. But it was a big crowd, which  
seemed well entertained.

The mayor pulled his customary stunt,  
vanishing a slogan, "throw away the hammer  
and get a horn," he proceeded to lambast.  
The only tooting was in his own behalf and his  
hand-picked ticket. It was really an exhibi-  
tion of melodramatic demagogism, such as any  
one could indulge, if not restrained by the el-  
ements of self pride.  
It took nerve, of course, for one who as the  
head of the second largest city in the United  
States, conducted himself during the World  
war when his country was in peril, in a man-  
ner that is unforgivable.

**Scattering the Clouds.**  
Bankers, who sometime ago, predicted, a  
strained credit situation this fall and winter,  
were, it now appears, unduly pessimistic.  
Money for the moving of crops is more plenti-  
ful than they thought.

"As a matter of fact," asserts the Wall  
Street Journal, "the opinion now prevails that

a considerable money market will exist  
throughout the balance of the year."  
This condition, bankers say, is the fruit of  
promotional methods adopted last spring by  
the Federal reserve authorities—the quick  
turn for the better of the money market.  
The car congestion continued trying up credits  
as well as competition, the worst fears of the  
banking fraternity might have been realized.  
Clearing railroad tracks of halted freight and  
reducing credit to speculators did the work.  
The clouds lifted away.  
Probably American business may not need  
another such lesson. It is to be hoped that  
never again will the arteries of trade be so  
clogged with unmovable cars and gamblers in  
securities given such a warm welcome in the  
loans division of the banking houses.  
In other words, it were better to keep the  
clouds from forming.

**Talking Up a Big Fair.**  
The wonderful success that attended the  
new Davenport fair last week, an enterprise  
standing for a renewal of effort after many  
years of disappointment and failure, coupled  
with the customary satisfaction with the only  
fair Rock Island county has, that at Joslin,  
this week, has awakened some discussion as to  
the revival of a fair proposition centering  
in Rock Island. Some have advanced the idea  
of a twin city enterprise, linking Rock Island  
and Moline—if a suitable tract could be had  
adjacent to both cities, and convenient to trans-  
portation facilities.  
The Davenport fair this year should con-  
clusively prove that there is a return of the  
fair spirit, and that regardless of the means  
of getting to the grounds, so far as the masses  
are concerned, the people will go. The Davenport  
fair was not readily reached by train or  
street car, yet the people were there—over  
115,000 of them during the week. And they  
saw an exposition that took on many of the  
features of a state fair. They were delighted.  
The Joslin fair was well attended too, and was  
up to the standard furnished by it for years.  
Rock Island played in hard luck for years  
on the fair proposition, just as Davenport did,  
due nearly always to most unfriendly weather  
conditions. Ten years ago, what was left of  
the old fair grounds on Ninth street, was leased  
by enterprising citizens who founded the Rock  
Island Exposition company rehabilitated the  
grounds, and attempted to make a start, look-  
ing to an annual event. But the weather was  
not agreeable—it scarcely could have been less  
disagreeable for two successive seasons. The  
result was that the promoters became discour-  
aged and after one more try, gave it up.  
Several years before Rock Island and Moline  
had joined hands in an exposition undertaking,  
a site of which Edgewood Park is now a part,  
was obtained, and an ambitious start made to-  
ward something that might have been a tri-  
umph in many ways. But the weather resumed  
its most uninviting examples for the weeks se-  
lected by that association, and it was no use.  
But the weather does not always misbehave.  
Davenport found that out this year, and so did  
the county association at Joslin.

The twin city idea is not a bad one. Think  
it over.

**With Other Editors**  
**Boosting a Good Thing.**  
(Omaha World-Herald)  
It is gratifying to see the manner in which  
the newspapers throughout the state are boost-  
ing the suggestions made editorially by the  
World-Herald that drivers of automobiles, in  
city and country, get down out of the clouds  
and use sane judgment in handling their ma-  
chines. "And don't forget," says the Louisville  
Courier, "that Spencer is doing his bit with  
his auto sermonettes, every one of which  
strikes solar Plexus blows."

The glaring headlights are becoming fewer,  
it is a pleasure to state. But the road hogs  
still remain. They, too, must come to realize  
that the highway is equally owned by everyone,  
and also that the driver who rushes past an-  
other car and knocks it in the ditch or smashes  
a wheel and goes on without even looking  
back, much less coming back to assist if as-  
sistance is needed, is not a safe man to be allowed  
at large with a car, nor can he be a good law-  
abiding citizen. He stands in a class that de-  
cent autoists do not care to enter.

NEW HAMPSHIRE AID OF DANIELS.  
Davenport Democrat.

MR. CLYNE charges Chicago department  
stores with selling shoes at \$9 profit per pair.  
But Chicago people are buying them, and ap-  
parently buying them in feverish haste. Three  
feminine acquaintances who recently visited  
the shoe department of one Chicago's largest  
store report finding "an immense crowd" be-  
ing fitted. "And," said one, "we actually held  
our noses until we could beat a retreat!"

AN Associated Press correspondent in Se-  
bastopol paid \$25 for "one million Don rubles."

NEWSPAPER men are SO improvident.

R. E. M'G.



HERE LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY,  
DULL CARE,  
WHO DISINTERS THE UNLOVED CUSS,  
BEWARE!

**"HI, DAD!"**  
When all my world seems out of joint  
And all my skies are gray,  
When would-be wit seems minus point  
And over me gloom holds sway;  
When I go plodding home at e'en  
Within my soul a spiteful spleen  
With sour, unsmiling face,  
'Gainst all the human race;  
Convinced I've much more than my share  
Of all the human ills,  
Sunk deep in depths of dark despair  
At thoughts of unpaid bills;  
Disgusted, weary, sick at heart,  
A pessimist, in truth,  
Who holds his gloomy self apart  
From all the joys of youth.

When friendship seems a cold, dead thing  
Like ashes in an urn,  
When joy, it seems, has taken wing  
To nevermore return—  
'Tis then, 'pon noaring home at last,  
That I feel strangely glad  
Pattering footsteps . . . O, so fast . . .  
A joyous shout: "Hi, Dad!"

MR. COX "proves" the existence of a \$15-  
000,000 Republican "slush fund." Mr. Upham  
says Mr. Cox's proof is "phony." Both may be  
right or wrong—we'll never know. But the  
phrase, "slush fund" interests us. We'll sup-  
pose Mr. Harding in return for a small appor-  
tion from this fund. We shall need it this  
winter to pay some person a salary for keeping  
clear about half a block of sidewalk near our  
domicile during the winter's snows and (natu-  
rally) slush.

**The Foxy Mr. Foxton.**  
(From the DeSmet, S. D., News)  
Among the citizens of Bozeman  
are H. V. Foxton and family, for-  
merly residents of De Smet, whom  
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood saw while  
there. Mr. Foxton is still in the land  
of Mrs. Foxton, and his wife, former-  
ly had several very pleasant chats with  
them.

O. D. K. reports lamping a sign in Martin's  
luncheonette, "Soup Chopped Daily." He makes  
no comment. Perhaps because he had just  
inhaled a bowl of "chopped soup" and was "too  
full for utterance."

SOME OF THEM ARE.

Sir: Somehow I feel constrained to tell you  
a little story, apropos of nothing, of course;  
but you see I was "born and raised way down  
south in Dixie," where we have the colored  
servants in all their primitive glory. My mother  
has a dusky housemaid, whose husband is  
given to disappearing without announcing his  
departure or even saying goodbye to his spouse,  
and returning just as suddenly without explana-  
tion as to where he has been or what he has  
been doing. "Lindy" has somewhere learned  
wonderful wifely wisdom and never questions  
or reproaches, but just "be glad" that he is  
home again. Once after Jim had been absent  
for several days, Lindy came in one morning  
radiating smiles and happiness and my mother  
said to her: "Thy, Lindy, you look so happy  
this morning, that recent husband of yours  
must have returned." "Yas'm, yas'm," said  
she, "he is returned." Now Lindy is nothing  
if not quick to learn and she had just learned  
a few words and proposed to use it just as  
quickly as possible, so upon going out she met  
my father and said: "Good mornin' Mr. H. I  
Jee' wanna tell you dat 'vacant' husband of  
mine is returned." JANE DOE.

**The Strong Arm of Father.**  
(From The Argus)  
The bride, walked in on the arm of  
her father, who gave her in marriage.

"NEW HAMPSHIRE AID OF DANIELS."  
Davenport Democrat.

MR. CLYNE charges Chicago department  
stores with selling shoes at \$9 profit per pair.  
But Chicago people are buying them, and ap-  
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**HEALTH TALKS**  
BY WILLIAM L. BRAIN, M.D.  
NOTES, PREVENTION AND CURE

**More Compensation.**  
It is a matter of academic or  
technical interest, merely, whether  
an individual has valvular leakage,  
dilated heart, heart muscle weak-  
ness or heart muscle inflammation  
(myocarditis), fatty degeneration  
or whatnot wrong with his circula-  
tory system. It is likewise a mere  
technical detail whether the arter-  
ies are hard or soft, or whether the  
blood pressure is high or low. These  
technical questions may be safely  
left to the consideration of the  
individual's physician; in fact, they  
cannot be safely submitted to the  
consideration of anyone else. What  
the individual should concern him-  
self about is, not how sick I am  
but how well I am. If my heart is  
damaged in any way or if my ar-  
teries are affected, the point of  
vital concern for me to know is this:  
What is the functional capacity of  
my damaged heart or my ill-used  
arteries?

It is a common fallacy to assume  
that one with a known valvular  
leakage or a myocarditis (heart  
muscle degeneration or inflamma-  
tion) must avoid all exercise or  
exertion for the rest of life. The  
truth is that in many cases of heart  
disease, intelligently graduated ex-  
ercise is one of the most essential  
and most helpful methods of treat-  
ment for the restoration of effi-  
ciency to the impaired heart. But  
exercise is a remedy which is more  
abused and more misused under the  
direction of self constituted authori-  
ties than any pill or potion that  
ever came over the druggist's  
counter. When brazen physical  
culturists assume to prescribe ex-  
ercise in the treatment of disease of  
which they know no more than the  
poor soul who takes stock in such  
twaddle, that constitutes abuse, and  
the result is too likely to prove a  
disappointment.

Absolute rest, in bed at first and  
later in a chair, is the remedy most  
often prescribed for the individual  
with heart disease. Not until the  
heart becomes capable of maintain-  
ing an efficient circulation while  
the patient sits in a chair—and that  
means a circulation which answers  
the patient's requirements, so that  
he suffers no symptoms ascribable  
to a faulty circulation—is the use  
of exercise as a remedy advisable.  
And then it must be very gradually  
applied, perhaps beginning with a  
few simple movements in chair or  
in bed, all under the observation of  
the physician.

The heart is a muscle, and as a  
muscle it responds to the natural  
stimulus of exercise. It undergoes  
a process of development, increase  
in thickness or size as a result of  
gradually increasing exercise. If  
there is a valvular leakage, this  
muscular development is indis-

Answer—You omitted to mention  
soda water, automatic jacks, steam  
heat, mineral water, absent treat-  
ment and chewing gum. Otherwise  
your indictment is correct. Not  
that I give all these curses my un-  
qualified condemnation. I simply  
think they all should be confined  
to their proper place. A shiny nose  
is certainly a beautiful thing on a  
blushing maiden. I don't care  
what anybody else thinks about it.  
For the sophisticated member of  
the sex, perhaps it is considered bu-  
dic. List of items: 1 dram  
Zinc sulphate . . . 1 dram  
Sulphate of potassium . . . 1 dram  
Rose water . . . 4 ounces  
To be applied night and morning.

**What's In A Name?**  
BY MILRED MARSHALL  
(Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

**VERONICA.**  
Veronica has full rights to her  
claims as a holy name. It signifies  
"true picture" and comes from the  
Latin "verus," meaning true, and  
the Greek word for image. The two  
terms were strangely jumbled  
together by the popular tongue in  
the name of the crucifix at Lucca,  
which was called the Veronica and  
was that "Holy Face of Lucca" by  
which oaths were taken.

Another Veronica is the same  
countenance upon a piece of linen  
at St. Peter's. The original being  
forgotten, this is called St. Veron-  
ica's handkerchief, and the popular  
legend is that a woman who had  
lent her handkerchief to our Bless-  
ed Savior to wipe His face during  
the passage of the "Via Dolorosa"

had found the likeness imprinted  
on it. In a poem of the life of  
Pilate, we are told that the suffer-  
ing emperor of Rome, learning that  
a Christian, and one pagan, among  
the poems of mixed Indian and  
Spanish blood, sprang the present  
organization of the Hermanos Peni-  
tentes.

At one time nearly all the na-  
tives of peon blood were members  
of its chapter. Gradually its mem-  
bership has declined, giving way  
before the enlightenment that has  
come with railways and public  
schools. The Mexican of the younger  
generation, educated in a public  
school, is often an up-to-date  
young fellow. He is very likely an  
automobile mechanic or a lawyer.  
There is no danger that he will  
have his back slashed with a chip-  
ped flint and belabored with a dis-  
cipline for the glory of God. Hence  
the tendency is for the chapters  
steadily to decline in membership,  
dwinding to a few old-timers who  
lash their backs but feebly and de-  
plore the changing times. Thus we  
are told by one man who is well  
posted that there are still four or  
five chapters in the Rio Grande val-  
ley near Albuquerque, but none of  
them has more than 12 or 15 mem-  
bers. On the other hand in a cer-  
tain mountain town far from a rail-  
road, where the life of the natives  
goes on much as it did a hundred  
years ago, we are told that 500 peni-  
tentes were seen not long ago in a  
single procession. It is probably a  
fair statement of the case to say

that the penitente is declining  
and doomed everywhere except  
in the remote mountain sections  
where modern influences have been  
little felt.  
Under these circumstances it is  
hard to see why New Mexicans  
should be so sensitive about it.  
The penitentes are no more primi-  
tive than the Indians, and their  
ways have as little to do with the  
communal and social life of the  
state as the ways of the In-  
dians. Furthermore, they are no  
more primitive than people who can  
be found in mountain sections of  
many southern states, in the plain  
barrens of New Jersey, and for that  
matter in the slums of New York  
and Chicago. And they are really  
more picturesque and significant.  
They are a true survival of the age  
of faith. In their changed, with its  
unalike faith in redemption and  
immortality, its high scorn of blood  
and death. The penitentes rep-  
resent a step in the progress of man.  
They are brutal and bloody, if you  
will, but they have dignity, high  
courage and faith—things that the  
race is everywhere losing now.  
They deserve to be studied sys-  
tematically rather than ignored.

**Just Like the Best of Us.**  
Our feeling of superiority toward  
them is a little uncalled for, too.  
The characteristics of their frater-  
nity are after all the characteristics  
of fraternal organizations every-  
where. All such organizations  
have mystical beliefs and pompous  
ceremonies, which seem a bit ab-  
surd to all but the participants. In  
all of them the initiates are treated  
with more or less cruelty. Nearly  
every fall brings forth a record of  
a fresh or two killed in initia-  
tions to college fraternities. After  
all, the difference between a peni-  
tente chapter and a Harvard fra-  
ternity is not so great. The peni-  
tentes are more sincere and take  
punishment better.

The penitente rites are truly im-  
pressive things to witness. What  
goes on inside the morada or chap-  
er house is supposed never to be  
seen by outsiders, but it is known  
that there the initiate receives the  
seal of the order, which consists of  
three cuts with a sharp flint down  
the length of his back and clear  
through the skin. The procession to  
the cross starts early in the  
morning, and of this we have been  
witness.

**The Whipping Ceremony.**  
Picture a little village of adobe  
huts in a mountain canyon, bleak  
and sterile, spotted with the melt-  
ed snows of spring and swept by a  
keen March wind. Daylight has  
just come and the village is just  
stirring; a shivering boy drives a  
flock of goats up the mountain,  
a black-shawled woman goes to the  
creek for water; blue smoke curls  
from half a dozen chimneys. On a  
hilltop is gathered a little knot of  
watchers.  
From around a bend in the can-  
yon comes a monotonous, lugubri-  
ous chant and the crazy screaming  
music of a sort of flute. Then the  
procession of the penitentes comes  
into sight. Perhaps there are forty  
of them. Each is naked save for a  
pair of white cotton drawers and a  
black bandage about his eyes.  
The foremost impersonates Christ  
and drags a huge wooden cross  
perhaps ten feet high. Each of the  
penitentes has his back covered  
with his blood, which has run down  
to his heels, making long parallel  
stripes on his breeches. Some of  
them beat themselves with ropes or  
beats about the face with a piece of  
rawhide. The whip is a huge, flat,  
two-handed affair made by plaiting  
strands of the amole weed or Span-  
ish bayonet. The blows resound  
like the noise made by slapping a  
man with a wet towel, for each of  
the whips is wet with blood.  
The procession slowly takes its  
way to a high and lonely hilltop;  
where the honored one who has  
been elected to act the part of  
Christ, is fastened upon the cross.  
Formerly he was nailed, and often  
he died. Now he is generally fast-  
ened with ropes, which is bad  
enough, since he often turns purple  
from arrested circulation of the  
blood.

Thus does the penitente, in the  
medieval simplicity of his faith, ex-  
press his belief in the potency of  
Christ's sacrifices. If Jesus bled  
to atone for the sins of men, why  
should not the penitente bleed for  
his own sins?

**Frederic Haskin's Letter**  
The Scandalous Penitentes.

Albuquerque, N. M., Aug. 18.—In  
this and other New Mexican towns  
the people are rapidly awakening to  
the fact that in their strange and  
beautiful country they have a com-  
mercial asset. They now perceive  
that the historic past, the pictur-  
esque present and the wonders of  
nature are things which can be  
sold, like wool, beef, and beans.  
New Mexico has been a little late  
in making this discovery. Colorado  
found out long ago that there is  
more gold in the tourist pocket  
than ever was in Cripple Creek, and  
that enterprising state now has a  
long list of hotels of the eight-day  
in the way of scenery and amuse-  
ment, but almost nothing in the  
way of first-class accommodations.  
However, a new spirit is abroad in  
the land. The New Mexican is be-  
ginning to realize that when the  
easterner comes out to rough it in  
the wilds, he likes to camp in a  
room and bath, and that if you  
charge him less than \$5 a day he is  
unhappy. Prominent citizens are  
being held in chambers of com-  
merce, and they are confidently  
predicted that the unmistakable tour-  
ist hotel, with its broad piazzas and  
lofty prices, will soon be a feature  
of the southwestern scene.

All of which is an irrelevant pre-  
lude to the state that there is on  
picturesque phase of New Mexican  
life about which her citizens are  
reticent. The Navajos and the Pu-  
eblos, the horned toads and the  
mountains, the sunshine and the  
scenery are all brought to the at-  
tention of the visitor with craft and  
unction. But little or nothing is  
said about the Hermanos Peni-  
tentes. Picturesque they undoubtedly  
are, and thrilling to look upon,  
but no sight-seeing parties are or-  
ganized to witness their rites. For  
some reason, slightly obscure, the  
New Mexicans persist in regarding  
the penitentes as a disgrace. Last  
year a certain magazine published a  
letter saying, among other things  
that were untrue, that the peni-  
tentes were a dominant influence in  
politics; and an inordinate amount  
of excitement, culminating in a  
threat of prosecution from the gov-  
ernor, was the immediate result in  
New Mexico.

**A Medieval Remnant.**  
What, then, are these Peniten-  
tinos, whose piety is regarded  
as a scandal? The penitente brother,  
or Hermano Penitente, are a  
religious fraternity, long since out-  
lawed by the church, the members  
of which practice self-whipping,  
crucifixion, and other physical tor-  
tures as a penance for their sins.  
The practice originated in the mid-  
dle ages in Spain, when it was in  
good standing with the church. It  
was brought to this country by the  
Spanish conquerors. It appears, al-  
though nothing definite can be  
learned of the matter, that some  
sort of flagellant society existed  
among the Indians here. From the  
mingling of these two sects, one  
Christian, and one pagan, among  
the poems of mixed Indian and  
Spanish blood, sprang the present  
organization of the Hermanos Peni-  
tentes.

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single procession. It is probably a  
fair statement of the case to say

that the penitente is declining  
and doomed everywhere except  
in the remote mountain sections  
where modern influences have been  
little felt.  
Under these circumstances it is  
hard to see why New Mexicans  
should be so sensitive about it.  
The penitentes are no more primi-  
tive than the Indians, and their  
ways have as little to do with the  
communal and social life of the  
state as the ways of the In-  
dians. Furthermore, they are no  
more primitive than people who can  
be found in mountain sections of  
many southern states, in the plain  
barrens of New Jersey, and for that  
matter in the slums of New York  
and Chicago. And they are really  
more picturesque and significant.  
They are a true survival of the age  
of faith. In their changed, with its  
unalike faith in redemption and  
immortality, its high scorn of blood  
and death. The penitentes rep-  
resent a step in the progress of man.  
They are brutal and bloody, if you  
will, but they have dignity, high  
courage and faith—things that the  
race is everywhere losing now.  
They deserve to be studied sys-  
tematically rather than ignored.

**Just Like the Best of Us.**  
Our feeling of superiority toward  
them is a little uncalled for, too.  
The characteristics of their frater-  
nity are after all the characteristics  
of fraternal organizations every-  
where. All such organizations  
have mystical beliefs and pompous  
ceremonies, which seem a bit ab-  
surd to all but the participants. In  
all of them the initiates are treated  
with more or less cruelty. Nearly  
every fall brings forth a record of  
a fresh or two killed in initia-  
tions to college fraternities. After  
all, the difference between a peni-  
tente chapter and a Harvard fra-  
ternity is not so great. The peni-  
tentes are more sincere and take  
punishment better.

The penitente rites are truly im-  
pressive things to witness. What  
goes on inside the morada or chap-  
er house is supposed never to be  
seen by outsiders, but it is known  
that there the initiate receives the  
seal of the order, which consists of  
three cuts with a sharp flint down  
the length of his back and clear  
through the skin. The procession to  
the cross starts early in the  
morning, and of this we have been  
witness.

**The Whipping Ceremony.**  
Picture a little village of adobe  
huts in a mountain canyon, bleak  
and sterile, spotted with the melt-  
ed snows of spring and swept by a  
keen March wind. Daylight has  
just come and the village is just  
stirring; a shivering boy drives a  
flock of goats up the mountain,  
a black-shawled woman goes to the  
creek for water; blue smoke curls  
from half a dozen chimneys. On a  
hilltop is gathered a little knot of  
watchers.  
From around a bend in the can-  
yon comes a monotonous, lugubri-  
ous chant and the crazy screaming  
music of a sort of flute. Then the  
procession of the penitentes comes  
into sight. Perhaps there are forty  
of them. Each is naked save for a  
pair of white cotton drawers and a  
black bandage about his eyes.  
The foremost impersonates Christ  
and drags a huge wooden cross  
perhaps ten feet high. Each of the  
penitentes has his back covered  
with his blood, which has run down  
to his heels, making long parallel  
stripes on his breeches. Some of  
them beat themselves with ropes or  
beats about the face with a piece of  
rawhide. The whip is a huge, flat,  
two-handed affair made by plaiting  
strands of the amole weed or Span-  
ish bayonet. The blows resound  
like the noise made by slapping a  
man with a wet towel, for each of  
the whips is wet with blood.  
The procession slowly takes its  
way to a high and lonely hilltop;  
where the honored one who has  
been elected to act the part of  
Christ, is fastened upon the cross.  
Formerly he was nailed, and often  
he died. Now he is generally fast-  
ened with ropes, which is bad  
enough, since he often turns purple  
from arrested circulation of the  
blood.

Thus does the penitente, in the  
medieval simplicity of his faith, ex-  
press his belief in the potency of  
Christ's sacrifices. If Jesus bled  
to atone for the sins of men, why  
should not the penitente bleed for  
his own sins?

**Heart & Home Problems**  
by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl nearly 18 years of age, going with a fellow who went with another girl who was a friend of mine until I went with him. I have been going with him nearly two months now and I hear he has been with her two or three times since I started going with him. Do you think I should quit going with him and let him go with her, or do you think I should keep on going with him? He says he doesn't care anything about her and tells me he would rather go with me. BLUE-EYED BLONDE.

Keep on going with him. If you want to and do not mention the other girl to him. It may be hard to keep down jealousy, but it would be most unwise to show it. You have no exclusive claim on him unless you and he are engaged.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Are cantaloupe seed bags being used this year. Would one be suitable made with beads and lined with satin to carry up street as a purse? Also, how large should it be?

FRAN KYOU.  
Bags are no longer being made of cantaloupe seeds. There are very popular in bags of all sizes.

**THE DAILY SHORT STORY**

**A SOLICITOR FOR HYMEN.**  
By Annette C. Symmes.  
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dicate, Inc.)

Bunny-Bunny and Little Mother were looking in at the milliner's window. They were almost laughably alike, with their curly brown hair, blue eyes and trim slowness, and the expression on the two faces was much the same as Sonny-Bunny's in front of the candy shop display. Their eyes were riveted upon a dainty creation of white straw and pink roses. Even the little boy knew it just to be the thing for Little Mother.

"Go in and buy it, moth," he said.  
"Can't, Sonny," said Little Mother, her cheery tone belying her longing eyes. "There haven't been wedding dresses since spring."

"Weddings?" queried the child.  
"Yes; you know daddy gives me the wedding fees for my own. This year there haven't been enough so I can afford a new hat."

At this moment the minister drove up in his shiny Ford and took the wife and little son for the home-ward drive. The new Ford had been necessary, but almost too expensive. This had something to do with the lack of money for a new hat for Little Mother.

When Sonny-Bunny got home he changed into his blue overall suit and went out in the parsonage or garden to reflect. He did it in the shade of the August-sweet trees, which grew low and was a capital place for a small boy.

Little Mother needed some wed-  
ding. As her mother had explained  
about them when young  
men came to the house, as  
he would not through wed-

dings came unsolicited. Sonny-Bunny was positive that his father did nothing to attract custom.  
At this moment Silas Lovejoy chanced to drive by. The sight of him started the child's mind upon a new tack. A conversation between his parents, overheard only the other day, recurred to his memory.

"How long has Silas Lovejoy been going with Abbie Dunn?" mother had asked.  
"Seven or eight years," had been the minister's reply.